

Good Morning 432

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

FOR CONSCIENCE'S SAKE—2½d.

CONSCIENCE money is mounting. Three times more was paid last year than in 1938. Already this year the sum paid to the Exchequer by tax-dodgers, "for Conscience's Sake," is believed to exceed the 1943 figure.

The Government of India recently received two annas (about 2½d.), which had been owing for 39 years. And in another instance conscience money was paid after more than 54 years!

Fewer millionaires are dying, although we now need their death duties more. Ten millionaires and 22 half-millionaires usually die every year, and the Treasury reaps £88,000,000 on their estates.

In Somerset House, the G.H.Q. of our war finances, these statistics are typical of the hard cash facts compiled by the Government's chartered accountants.

In one department, six actuaries keep charts of our richest men, revealing the balance of insurance reports and the expectation of life against the recent known state of health.

They know whether a man is really a millionaire or has only a millionaire's income, something very different. His fortune may be in bearer bonds, which do not yield income tax, and such subtle distinctions have to be checked for an accurate forecast.

W. E. Diggins, the Chief In-

spector of Taxes, can lay his fingers in a few seconds on the obscure financial details of thousands of lives. Patiently piling up the pounds, shillings and pence of our war effort, Somerset House faces a job of drab accounting but the cash register is continually rung by romance.

In "I.T.E."—the Income Tax Enquiry branch—alone the carefully-kept records continually help to expose tax-dodgers to the income tax detectives.

Step into Room 123 at Somerset House, and you will find the highly skilled specialists who every year pay rewards up to £50 to common informers who can betray income tax frauds and evasions.

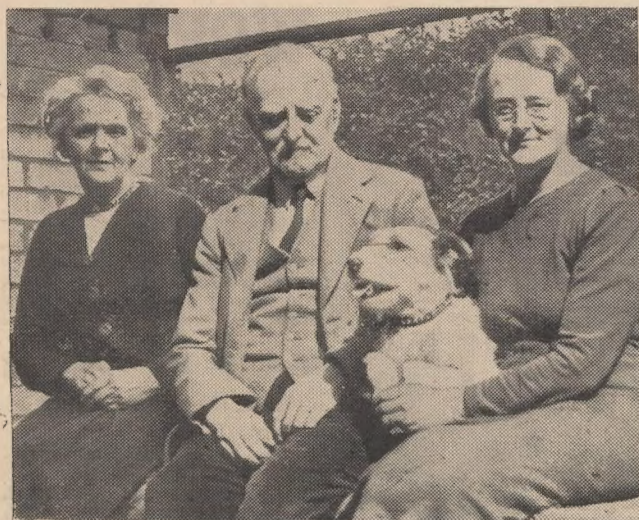
Every year thousands of pounds are paid in this fashion by this hush-hush department—and this underground system of unofficial espionage brings tens of thousands of unexpected pounds into the Treasury.

Few people with a cheque book have noted that the receipt stamp is dated with the day of stamping. Cheques and receipts are handled in bulk to the tune of 400,000,000 a year.

Some of the die-stamps to fit the machines are priced as low as one penny, but others rise to £15,000.

At Somerset House the "war's cash register" is ready for everything.

Peter Davis



Trixie Does Her Stuff

TRIXIE jumped on the kennel to show you she's feeling "on top of the world." O.S. Roy Downes. It is a pity you couldn't see how hard her tail wagged.

Just before the picture was taken in the garden of your home, 9 Aldgate, Ellesmere Port, your mother said to her, "Come on, Trixie, do your stuff for Roy," and Trixie pricked up her ears at your name.

So now you know your fears she'd forget you are unfounded. In the photograph you see your grandfather and grandmother (Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mee), your mother, and Trixie,

O.S. ROY DOWNES

using the air raid shelter as a garden seat.

Incidentally, the "beautifiers" (Mrs. Downes' descriptive substitute for "decorators") have been at work inside the house. And very spruce and fresh it looks, too.

Your bedroom has been painted a cheery daffodil-yellow, and awaits your inspection!

W. H. MILLIER ENTERTAINS THE BOYS AT "THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER"

HE WAS SPORT'S TOUGHEST NUT—AFTER YOU, SIR CLAUDE!

THAT laughter you must have heard carried out to sea was only the chorus that greeted Bernard Binks after he had, as usual, told the cronies that he had not had a good Derby.

The guv'nor had put the question out of politeness, knowing full well that, if the bookmaking fraternity failed to achieve satisfaction out of Ocean Swell winning the race, it was hopeless to expect any of them ever to be satisfied.

"You can laugh," said Bernard, "but I am paying out more than I like over this Derby. It must have been the sight of all those Naval uniforms about here lately, because most of my clients backed Ocean Swell and I didn't hedge any of the bets. You know me well enough by now to know that all transactions with me are confidential, but perhaps Nat won't mind if I mention that he did back Ocean Swell."

As all eyes were turned on the old boxer, Nat Wilson grinned and said, "I was only waiting for the house to fill up before mentioning it. Yes, it's drinks all round for the first winner I've struck this year."

After congratulating Nat on his success, the guv'nor asked him why he had kept such valuable information to himself since it was not the usual tendency of any of the cronies to be at all secretive on sporting subjects.

"I'm not an expert on horse-racing," said Nat, "and I knew you would all have taken Daddy's advice. I don't think I should have bothered about a bet if I hadn't seen Lord Rosebery going to Newmarket. He's a real sportsman. Nothing of the high-hat about him. He saw me and recognised my dial immediately—once seen never forgotten—and came over and shook hands."

"I wished him luck and he thanked me, and said, 'I think we have an outside chance with Ocean Swell. I'm hoping he's another Blue Peter.'"

"I used to get some good information in the days of the old National Sporting Club," said Nat. "You know the biggest fight of the season was always kept for the Monday of Derby week."

"It was the recognised thing that everybody who was anybody in the sporting world met at the National

Sporting Club in Epsom week."

"It was one of those nights that I was able to help Lord Rosebery. He wanted his chauffeur to see the fight and I said I'd do my best to get him in. I did, and Lord Rosebery was very pleased."

"That speaks well for him to trouble that much about his chauffeur," put in one of the customers.

"The real sportsmen are generally like that," said Nat. "I have met many of 'em in my time and can tell you that the real ones are worth knowing."

"Most of 'em have been good boxers in their young days, and if it hadn't been for the fact that they didn't have to search around for their living, more than one could have made his mark if he had taken to fighting professionals."

"One of the grandest old sportsmen I ever knew—a real, tough nut, he was—was Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny. His ancestors came over with William the Conqueror, but he never gave himself airs. Champion was his middle name, and he was a champion of many sports."

"Now you've mentioned a grand old sportsman," said the guv'nor.

"Some of the most daring things he did in his time have not been recorded, but here are a few to be going on with."

"Sir Claude rode eight races in one day under National Hunt rules. He crossed the North Sea in a balloon from his home in Maldon, Essex, to Flushing; swam the narrow gut of the first Nile cataract; dived into a heavy sea, with the wind meeting the tide, to rescue a corporal who had fallen overboard; killed a charging rhinoceros by breaking its neck at two paces with a soft-nosed bullet in British East Africa."

"During the Franco-German war he was arrested at Amiens as a spy, but escaped after a few hours in custody. Then follows a list of sporting clubs, of which he was a member."

"Oh, of course, he was a grand swimmer," said Nat. "I ought to remember that. I was training for a fight some years ago at Southend and old Sir Claude came to see me. He asked me if I was all right for sparring-partners, otherwise he

would give me a go. He would, too. It was then that he told me I ought to go swimming with him, as it was good training for a fight."

"He was up before breakfast to take his dive off the end of Southend Pier. Do you know he kept up his morning dive, winter and summer, until he was nearly 80 years old?"

"Of course, he was President of the Amateur Diving Association for a great number of years," explained Bill, "and must have been more active than many of the members. You can bet not many of them had a daily dive throughout the season. But I guess most of the best stories of Sir Claude have never seen print."

"He not only liked to see a good boxing contest—he rarely missed a big fight—but even when he had reached what we might call an advanced age he was always ready to have a bout with the gloves on with anyone rash enough to take him on."

"Yes, I can tell you that he was no mug where boxing is concerned," said Nat. "There wasn't much he didn't know about it, and although he was rather on the small side, he was game to tackle anyone; the bigger they were, the better he'd like 'em."

"My old friend Eugene Corri, who was always in demand as a referee for big fights, used to tell me some good stories about old Sir Claude," said the guv'nor.

"You know how most people have a pet hobby of some sort, and invite their friends to dinner and then to show their stamp collection or their art treasures and so on."

"Well, Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny used to make sure of inviting tough, athletic-looking friends to be his guests at a dinner party because, after the cigars and wine, he used to like to invite the toughest member to have the gloves on, just to wind up a pleasant evening."

"Once I read an item in my morning newspaper which told how Mr. Eugene Corri, the well-known boxing referee, had miraculously escaped serious injury in falling from a first-floor window of a baronet's London house into the basement."

"Naturally, I wondered what it was all about, and, when I saw Mr. Corri some time after-

wards, I asked him how the accident happened."

"Accident," he laughed. "That was no accident. It was what they describe in the police courts as malice aforethought. You see, I had been dining with my old friend, Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, and you know what a tough old warrior he is."

"We had begun to get merry, and Sir Claude suggested that it would round off the evening if we had a bout with the gloves. I knew that it was useless to try to put him off, so I agreed. I thought to myself, I can make good use of my footwork and see that he doesn't alter the shape of my face to any great extent."

"Well, I was dancing back when he aimed a swishing right on to my chin. I didn't know it, but I was right against the open window, and, going back from the punch, I went right through it into the area in the street. It was a miracle that I didn't break my neck!"

"That sounds like a good way of entertaining your guests," commented Bernard. "I must remember that when I wish to speed some of my non-departing guests."

"All the same, he was a grand old fellow," explained the guv'nor. "I forget how many sons he had, but they were all grand fellows. They were bred right. Two of them, if my memory is correct, died like heroes in the last war. They could box, too."

"That reminds me of a wonderful night I spent at the Wells Club. That no longer exists. It was the place to see some real scraps, many of them worth going a thousand miles to see. I remember the night I went there with Eugene Corri. We had an unexpected treat in a private contest between one of the younger de Crespignys and a brother officer in the same regiment."

"I can tell you it was no sparring match. It was a real fight from the word go; an impromptu affair apparently, but much more interesting and thrilling than many a well-arranged professional contest."

"What particularly tickled me at the time was the spectacle of old Sir Claude as second in his son's corner. He had thrown off his shirt and was working in his undervest and his dress trousers, with his braces unhitched, like an old-time ostler."

"He handled his towel and sponge with all the skill of a professional, and his fiery shouts of advice spurred his son to strenuous efforts to win his fight. It was a grand treat."

"It's a pity there are not a few more like that in the world," said Bernard. "That was the breed that made the old country great. We don't breed 'em like that any more."

"Don't be too sure about that," said the guv'nor. "The breed is still with us, thank goodness."

"And if you want any proof, ask the nasty Nazis or the howling Japs. They know by now that our youngsters are bred true. Too true, for their liking. Let's have a final drink to toast them for what they are—Great Lads."



21st birthday gift. Now, you may not get the party on your birthday, August 22nd, but you'll get it.

Like the old Lancashire proverb, it's a case of "Will you have it now, or when you get it?" But you can trust Ma to see to it that your coming-of-age is honoured in no uncertain fashion.

Ma told us to give you these few odd bits of news that she forgot to include in your last letter:—

Topsy is still well, and has

taken a great liking to a stray kitten which wandered into the house the other day. By the time you read this, your 19-year-old sister Edith will most probably be Mrs. Vaux, wife of Private (First Class) William Vaux, of Phillipsburg, U.S.A.

Your new brother-in-law thinks your models of the battleship "King George V" and your submarine "Truant" are (and I quote him) "a pretty slick bit of work." How's that for American admiration?

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

USELESS EUSTACE



"And, believe it or not, 'er name's Ivy, Sarge!"

These Soldiers are in the Dictionary

Says J. M. Michaelson

"JOCK column" will no doubt reach the post-war dictionaries as the phrase for small armoured force acting independently against the enemies' lines of communications. It will thus commemorate the name of the first commander of one of these forces, Brigadier "Jock" Nicholson. Thus are words made.

The war has given us quivering (from Major V. Quisling, the original). Past wars

have given us other words from famous soldiers, although, curiously enough, not in connection with their most famous feats.

Napoleon conquered half Europe, but his name to-day is commemorated as a card game, generally shortened to Nap.

The word given us by the Iron Duke and victor of Waterloo—Wellington, for a type of

boot—is perhaps more connected with his military fame than it might seem at first sight.

Wellington was not only a great strategist and military leader, but also an organiser. He re-modelled the equipment of the British Army, and his name stuck to a high waterproof boot, which was one of his minor innovations. It was not, of course, in his day essentially a rubber boot.

Why his rival Napoleon is commemorated in a card game is obscure, but possibly because the game became popular during the Napoleonic wars. It was formerly possible to call higher than "Nap" with "Wellington."

The Sam Browne, which until recently was part of the equipment of every officer, commemorates a distinguished soldier, one of the few to have won bar to the V.C.

History books record little of General Sir Samuel Browne's invention of the belt that bears his name. But they say much of his courage in the Indian Mutiny, when he won the V.C. by tackling a gun party alone and enabling hundreds of men to escape.

He lost his arm, but in a later Afghan war showed himself a daring and unorthodox leader as well as a skilful diplomat.

The raglan overcoat owes its name to Lord Raglan, who became a Field Marshal of the British Army and led it during the Crimean campaign. He had served under Wellington at Waterloo. The raglan started a military fashion which spread to civilian clothes.

A number of men have given their names to guns—



BLACKSMITH MARRIES HIS MATE.

Dick Smith, a blacksmith, worked with a girl for fifteen months at the same forge, and under his tuition she became a skilled striker of hot metal. He thought so well of her work that he asked her to marry him and become a permanent mate. Here are the blacksmiths Mr. and Mrs. Smith working at the forge making farm wagon parts at Great Yeldham, Essex.

TO-DAY'S BRAINS TRUST

What is the origin of the "broad arrow"? Have the Government any exclusive right to its use, and if so, when and why was it adopted?

THIS is the question an Antiquarian, an Officer attached to the Royal Ordnance Survey, an Historian, and an Authority on Heraldry discuss to-day.

Antiquarian: "The broad arrow is certainly a very ancient symbol. It has been traced back at least as far as the Druids, who probably used it, upside down, as a symbol of the rays of the rising sun."

"It seems to have come to us from the ancient bards of Wales, and is fairly certainly connected with sun-worship."

Authority: "I cannot comment on that, but in heraldry, where the sign is known as the 'pheon,' it is believed to be nothing more than a picture of the barbed iron head of an arrow. The men of the New Stone Age, it is true, had similar shaped arrow-heads in flint, and it may date from that time."

Historian: "I confess to complete ignorance of the origin of the broad arrow, but I can give you the time of its first use as an official Government sign."

"It replaced the old rose and crown in the 14th century, both because it was simpler and because the rose and crown was being used as the special sign for bows and arrows made or tested at the Tower of London."

Authority: "That is interesting, because the broad arrow was the crest of Henry Sidney, Earl of Romney, who was master-general of the ordnance in the 17th century. He was probably the first to use it as a

universal mark for all Government property."

Antiquarian: "That brings us to the Act of 1698, which forbids unauthorised persons to possess property marked with the broad arrow, under

Officer: "In the older benchmarks the base referred to is the mean sea-level at Liverpool, but modern measurements refer to the more constant mean sea-level at Newlyn, in Cornwall."



"Well, what sarong with you?"

penalty of a fine. This Act is still in force."

Historian: "The use of the broad arrow on goods other than bows and arrows is much older than that."

"It is on record that a certain Thomas Stokes was put in the pillory in 1386 for forging it on some barrels of home-made beer, which he tried to sell as Government ale."

Officer: "One of the most familiar uses of the broad arrow to-day is in the 'benchmarks' on Ordnance Survey maps. A benchmark consists of an ordinary broad arrow, point upwards, with a thin horizontal line drawn through the point. Beside the mark there are the letters 'B.M.' for 'bench-mark,' and a number indicating the height above sea-level in feet."

"The actual bench-mark is carved into some convenient stone by the surveyors when levelling up the land and ramblers often amuse themselves finding the originals of the ones marked on their maps."

"They are often cut into bridges, buildings, or mile-stones, or on special stones set up for the purpose. The thin horizontal line is called the 'bench' or 'ledge,' and the given height above sea-level refers to this."

Antiquarian: "I should like to ask a question about that. To what base-line is the height above sea-level referred?"

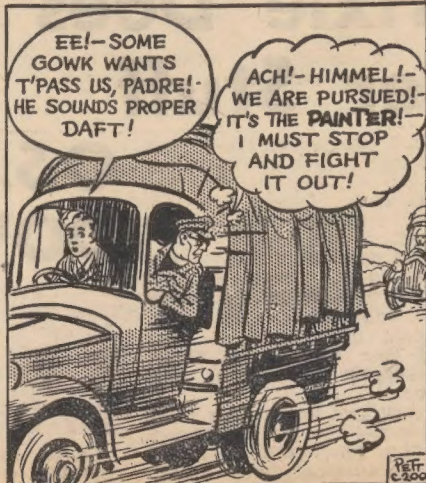
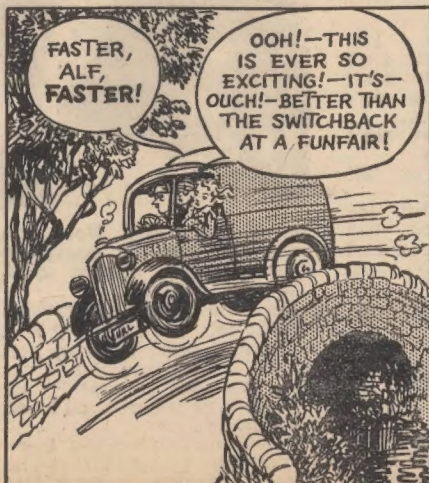
TO-DAY'S LAUGH

Inspector: "Why hasn't that man in naval uniform got a ticket; he's been on the bus for miles?"

Conductress: "How can I give him a ticket when he's not allowed to say where he's going?"

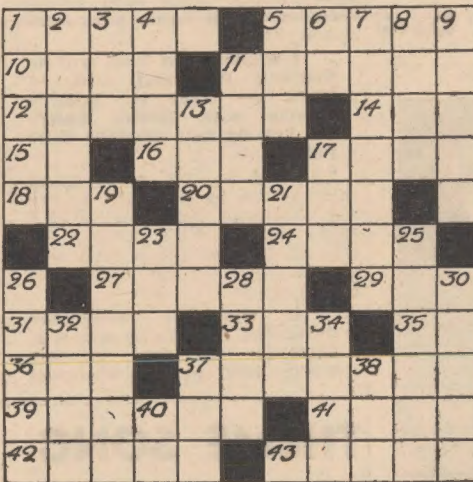
"I'm a man of few words."
"Yes, I'm married, too."

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Gem.



CLUES DOWN.

1 Capital. 2 Devonshire town. 3 Completely. 4 Harvest. 5 Performed. 6 Pronoun. 7 Sailor. 8 Sort of fever. 9 Pulse. 11 Ban. 13 Drying cloth. 17 Favourite. 19 See. 21 Adder. 23 Hint. 25 Not fixed. 26 Scale. 28 Bird. 30 Fresh food. 32 Region. 34 Deep cut. 37 Write. 38 Draw. 40 Hailing cry.

5 Famous author.

10 Wheel-spindle.
11 Face.
12 Narrated.
14 Shrub.
15 The thing.
16 Cooking utensil.
17 Of mixed colours.
18 Stitch.
20 Interlaced.
22 Cereal.
24 Entry on list.
27 Bright flower.
29 Plunder.
31 Narrow road.
33 Entreat.
35 Scholar.
36 Wrath.
37 Buccaneers.
39 Net.
41 Storage pit.
42 Bowl.
43 Radiance.

ARCH FRAMES
FURRORE WARE
FLAT TENURE
RED MEN DON
A LEADER R
YIELD ROAST
R MANGER E
NOD MAY NIP
UNITED RIDE
MEMO ICICLE
BREWER BAYS

tus Fabius, who defeated Hannibal.

The tactics of Fabius were to avoid direct conflict while fighting delaying actions and sending name units to harass the enemy's flanks. Weeks of this wore out the Carthaginians and when at last Fabius launched his full attack they were decisively beaten.

The founders of the Fabian Society proposed to imitate Fabius in using reasoning through books and pamphlets, rather than the violent frontal attacks advocated by the Socialists of the nineties.

Another Roman general, perhaps the greatest, is commemorated in the month of July, named after Julius Caesar.

WANGLING WORDS—371

1. Put forty winks in SSHOT, and get a picture.
2. In the following first line of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it—Pealp I am sims ipe royu.
3. Mix TRACE, add L, and get a drink.
4. Find the two hidden fruits in: Don't drop lumps of food; a little money has to buy many meals.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 370

1. ChatterER.
2. Who's taking you home to-night?
3. MEET, beet, best, pest, pert, PART, port, sort, soot, moot, moat, meat, MEET.
4. T-arts, B-uns.

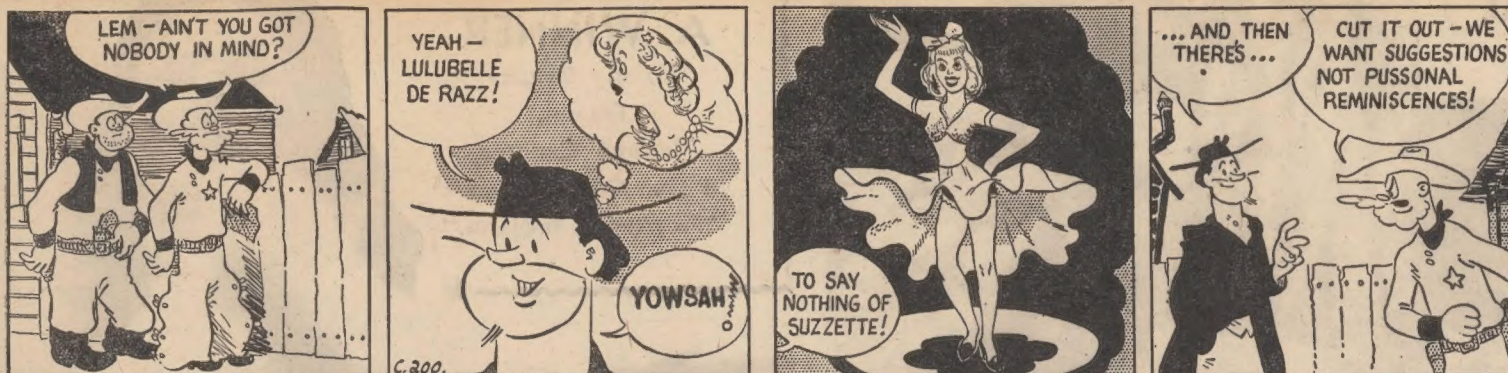
QUIZ for today

1. A markhor is a wild goat, Portuguese nobleman, fish, score in mah-jong, Persian county?
2. Who are England's "Two Prophets" at the present day?
3. If you were an expert in cataclastics, what subject would you study?
4. What is the capital of the Orange Free State?
5. Of what is the white covering of golf-balls made?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Rabbet, Rabbed, Rabbit, Rabid, Rabbin, Robin.

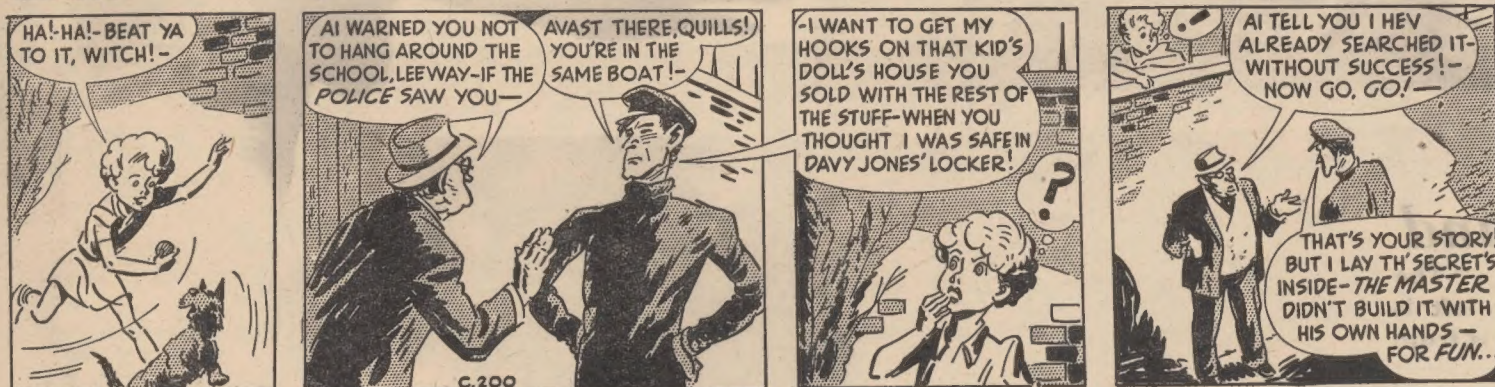
Answers to Quiz in No. 431

1. Siamese land measure.
2. Ruskin and Carlyle.
3. 194° below zero, Centigrade.
4. King of the Huns, A.D. 434.
5. Oak.
6. Remon.

BEELZEBUB JONES



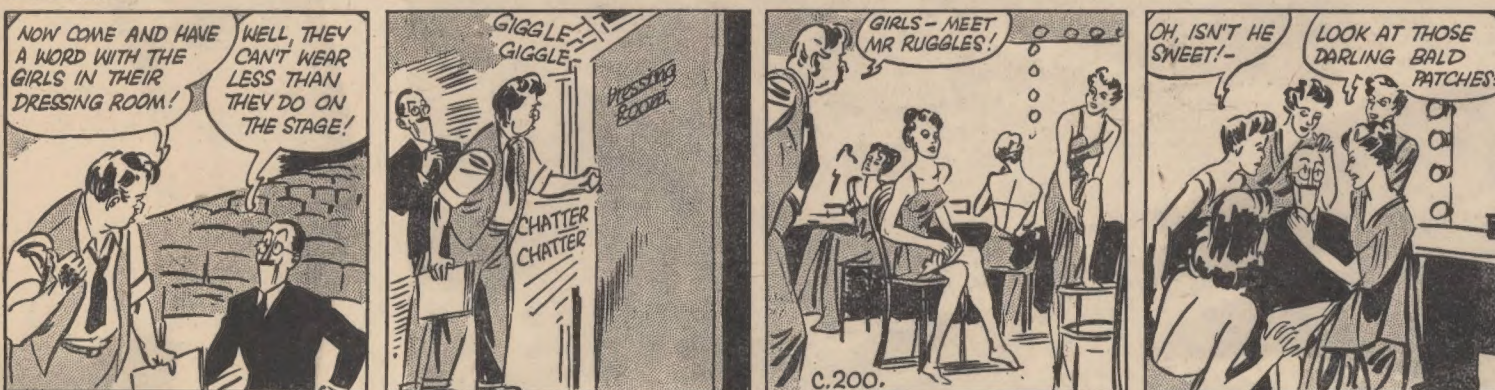
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

(Who was stunned by a Flying Bomb.)

AFTER our political excursions of the past week or two it will be a relief to change the subject.

Not that the plans I put forward are not vital—they are—but, although the subscriptions may be rolling in slowly, none has yet arrived, so that operations are, for the moment, suspended.

But to resume. I wonder if any of you have run across one of the most remarkable ships in the Submarine Service—I refer to H.M.C.S. "Oowoodatooka." I doubt if you have, since she has been engaged in very special work, either on the North-West Frontier or in the South-East Barrier, I disremember exactly which.

The point is that she is manned entirely by Red Indians.

The commanding officer, Lieut.-Commander Duggie Stewart, is actually a Seneca chief—Chief Teddy Bear. (Has daughter, Pola, is the favourite pin-up girl of the tribe.) Teddy, who is rightly proud of his lineage, was married shortly before the war to Floating Kidney, daughter of Big Chief Jumping Bean of the Sioux.

Although he did not join the R.C.V.N.R. until the outbreak of war, Teddy had been paddling his own canoe ever since he was a tiny papoose in the parental wigwam by the banks of the Minnetonka.

For many years during his early manhood he had been wandering from East to West, and, I understand, in the reverse direction, spending his time partly on the Great Divide, partly on the Boundless Prairie, or trapping for a while in the Frozen North and then moving to the hunting grounds south of the Mason-Dixon Line.

When I first met him a dozen years ago he was established on the banks of the Monongahela, breeding buffaloes or dogies or mustangs, I forget exactly which. He had little luck there, however, for his bronchos, in which he took such pride, were busted one night by a lot of wild cowboys who were raiding the sheep-lands. They just stampeded in, full of Bourbon, and singing, "We're getting through the rye."

He was not a man to let a little thing like that upset him for long, and in a week or two he was taking part in the famous last round-up with his specially trained band of rodeos. It was during this time he invented the hill-billy, which has since proved so useful to lonely travellers for cooking purposes.

Subsequently he collected Esquimos, which, after dehydration, were used to decorate the tepees of the Senecas.

I wish I had space to tell you more about him, and especially about the time we had in "Killer" McEvoy's Dancing Saloon down in Dead Man's Gulch. Teddy sure was a lad for the women, apart from being the only man I knew out West who toted three guns.

As you can imagine, he is pretty tough, and he and his crew believe in war with the gloves off. It is only natural, perhaps, that they should regret the modern custom of treating prisoners as if they were human beings.

Teddy's own ancestors were famed for their ingenious methods of dealing with captives.

His father, Great Big Chief Belly Cough, was distinguished even amongst the noble red men for his mastery of the now forgotten art of torture. Though for improvisation his wife, Laughing Hyena, ran him a close second.

It was, indeed, she who, unless tradition is at fault, quickly thought out the scheme for putting paid slowly to Chief Big Bullocks.

The process lasted from one full moon to the next, and when they had finished with the poor fellow there was little but an echo left.

The crew of "Oowoodatooka" have now settled down amicably, but when the ship was first commissioned there was a lot of trouble.

Ratings of the Six Nations (as you will remember, the Oneidas, Senecas, Onondongas, Mohawks, Cayugas and Tuscaroras) were furious at the appointment of a Shawnee and an Ojibway as Petty Officers, and when a Delaware was made C.P.O. there was nearly a mutiny.

However, Teddy was more than equal to the situation, and angry passions were quietened when he insisted that scalp locks must be shaved off, though he gave permission for moccasins to be worn on Sunday afternoons.

Alex Cracks

A Colonel of a paratroop contingent was wishing his men good luck for their first descent, and finished up by saying: "Now remember, on jumping pull your first rip cord; if nothing happens, pull the second rip cord, and on landing you'll find a lorry waiting to take you to your battle stations. Right? Good luck and happy landings."

One of the paratroopers, on jumping from his plane, pulled his first rip cord—nothing happened! He pulled the second, with the same result. He then remarked: "What a blue-pencil organization! I suppose when I get down the lorry won't be there!"

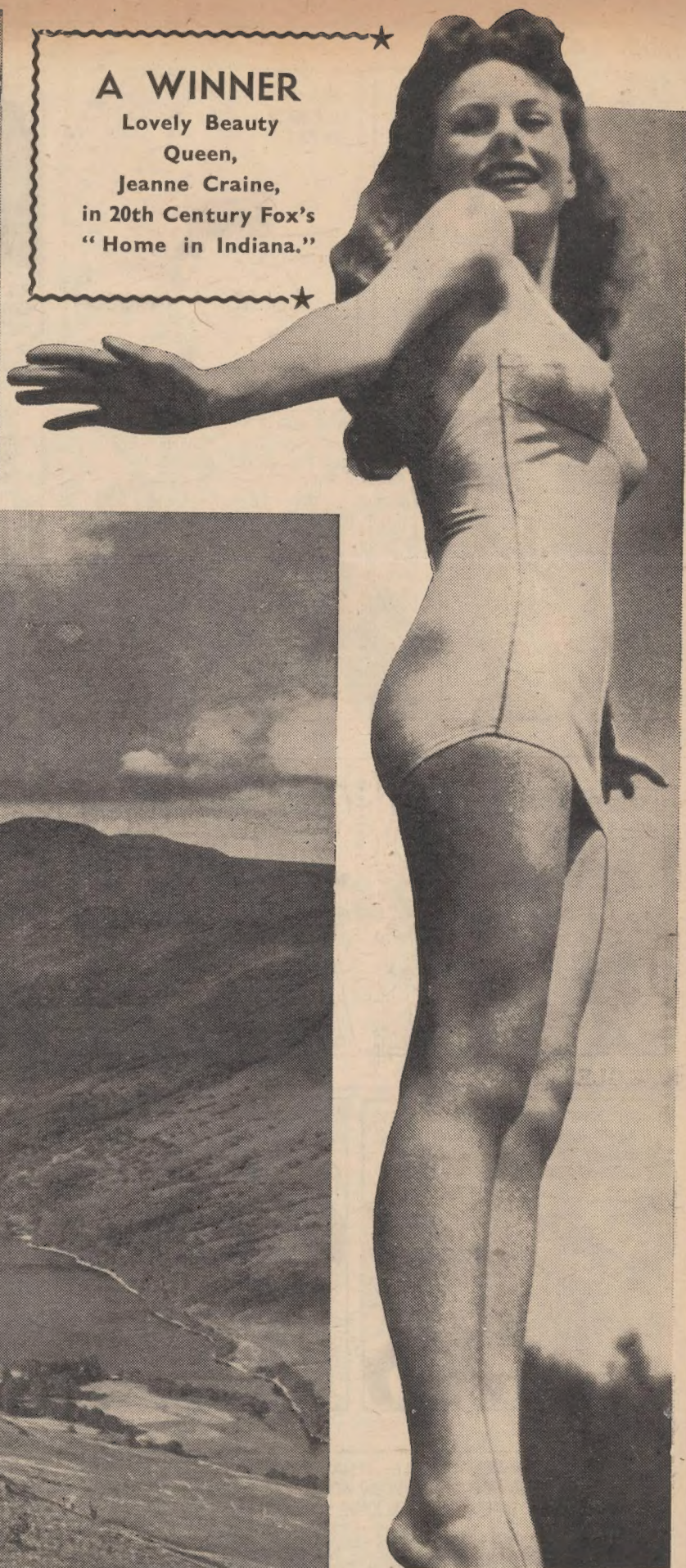
**Good
Morning**

WE WISH THESE
WERE REAL
GUNS!



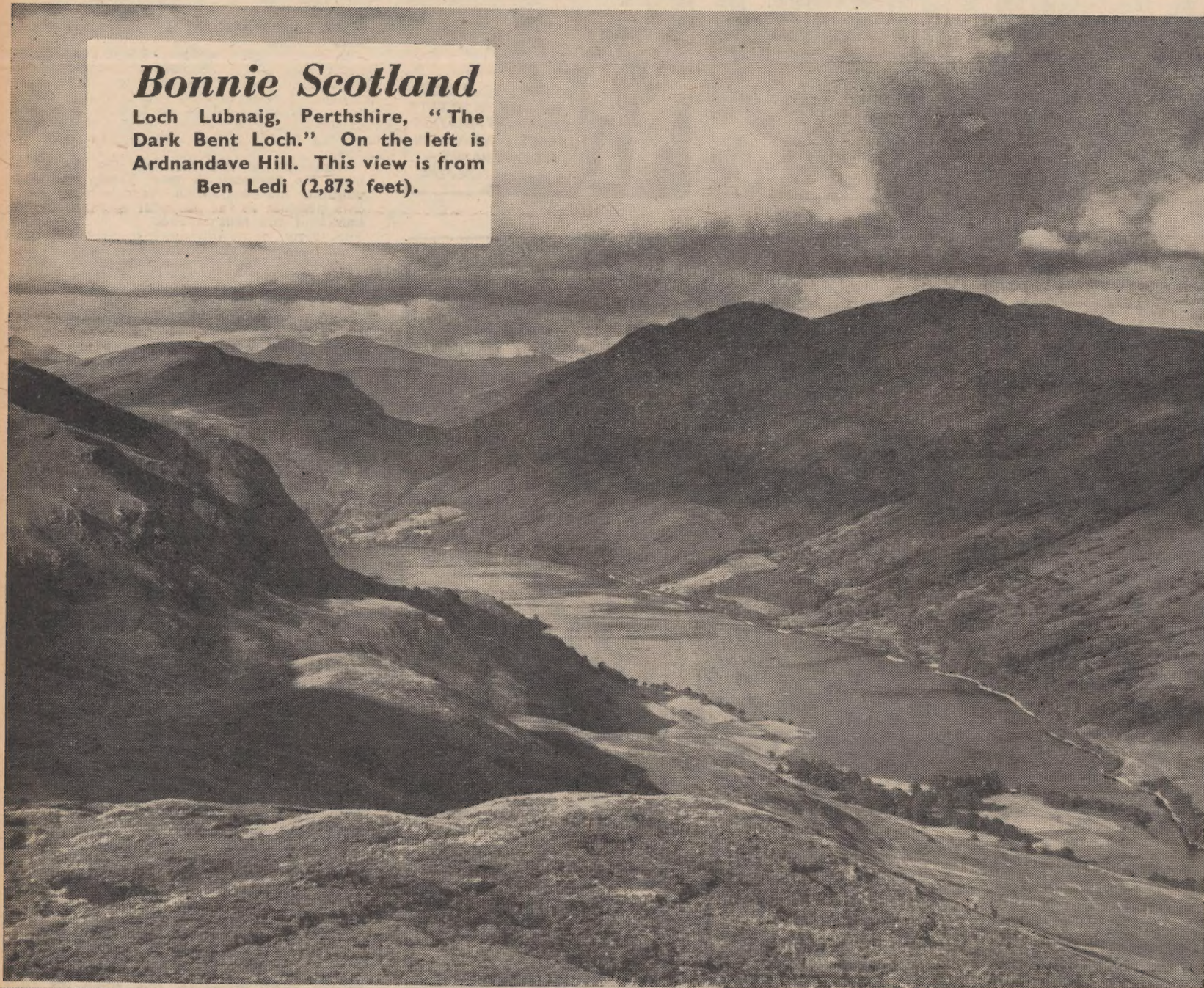
A WINNER

Lovely Beauty
Queen,
Jeanne Craine,
in 20th Century Fox's
"Home in Indiana."



Bonnie Scotland

Loch Lubnaig, Perthshire, "The
Dark Bent Loch." On the left is
Ardnandave Hill. This view is from
Ben Ledi (2,873 feet).



"Gosh, the sight of you scares me stiff."



"You're not what I thought you were. I dare even
look into your mouth."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I hate that thing
too."

